

BESSIE MADE A LANTERN IN COURT

Her Deftness May Save Her Father from Prison.

TIED PAPER ABOUT A BOX.

Sat on the Floor to Show the Court How It Was Done.

SPECTATORS APPLAUD HER.

Witness in An Arson Case in Which Her Parent Is the Defendant—Marshall Thought Her Playthings Were Suspicious.

Little Bessie Blumenthal, sitting tailor fashion on the floor of Recorder Goff's courtroom, made a paper lantern so deftly that the spectators and the jurors applauded. Little Bessie's performance may keep her father out of jail.

This father, Bernard Blumenthal, has a stationery store at No. 435 East Eighty-third street. There was a fire in the stationery store on September 23. When Fire Marshal Mitchell made his inspection to learn the origin of the fire he found in the store several small boxes, the covers of which had been removed. Over the boxes were tied pieces of paper and within the boxes were stubs of candles, burned low. These boxes containing candles were evidence of arson and the fire marshal arrested Blumenthal. Yesterday the trial began before Recorder Goff and a jury. The marshal told about the ominous boxes that contained the stubs of candles.

For the defense little Bessie was called to the stand. The child is ten years old. The Recorder would not permit her to be sworn, doubting if she understands the nature of an oath, but he permitted her to tell the jury what she knew about the fire.

"Papa and mamma were at the Temple that day," said little Bessie, "and we children, Mamma, Louis, Tillie, Eddie and myself, were playing soldier. I made the lanterns."

"How did you make them?" asked the Recorder.

The child was tangled up in her words. She could not make the jury understand how she made the lanterns.

One of the jurors suggested that the material be supplied and the child show how she made the lanterns. The Recorder sent for a box that had contained crayon chalk, some paper, a candle and a piece of twine. The child took this equipment, and first removed the cover of the box. She lighted the candle and placed it inside the box and then tried to fasten the paper over the box with the twine. She was awkward and embarrassed. She could not fit the paper around the box.

Jury asked her what gave her so much trouble.

"I can't tie it here," said little Miss Bessie from the high chair in which she sat. "I was sitting on the floor at home."

"Sit on the floor, then," said the Recorder.

Down she jumped, and sitting on the floor of the courtroom with her little legs doubled under her, she rapidly folded the paper around the box and fastened it with the string. The jurors stood up to watch the child make the lantern. In a moment she held it up for inspection. The light from the candle shone through the paper, making a famous lantern.

Then the spectators applauded, and some of the jurors shouted "She's done it!" The lantern was exactly like the boxes the marshal had found in the stationer's store. Little Louis, eight years old, also told the jury about the game of soldiers and the lanterns that sister Bessie made.

HURRYING DEFENCE GUNS.

Midvale Steel Works Kept Going Day and Night in Order to Fill Its Government Contract.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15.—The War Department's contract with the Midvale Steel Works for fifty 10-inch disappearing guns and ten 12-inch mortars is more than half completed. The work is under the supervision of Captain T. A. Lytle, U. S. A.

Work has been rushed for two months. The big plant has not been shut down during this, even on Sunday. Sickless has been the only place for a day's rest, and three relays of men have been kept alternately at work.

While this work of constructing guns has been pushed at the Midvale Steel Works equal activity has prevailed at the big works at the Southwark Foundry and Machine Company, where the War Department has a contract for ten 10-inch disappearing gun carriages and ten 12-inch mortar carriages. The Southwark Company has completed several of the carriages and delivered them to the Government. There is enough work on the unfinished contracts for the Midvale and Southwark Companies plant to keep busy the full force of men at each place for several months.

NO ENGLISH—NO VOTE.

Foreigners in Wyoming Must Read the Constitution in the Original or They Get No Ballot.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 15.—The Wyoming Supreme Court to-day decided that the constitutional requirements of the State Constitution, which declared that no foreign-born citizen can vote in Wyoming unless able to read the Constitution, means that the Constitution must be read in English.

Heretofore thousands of Poles, Hungarians and other foreigners who could not read the Constitution in English, but could read it in their own language have voted like sheep and generally for the Republican ticket.

The decision unseats a number of Republican county officials, who were elected by this vote, now declared illegal, and gives their places to Democrats. It will also be a factor in making Wyoming a Democratic State.

WOMEN KNIGHTS OF LABOR

One Hundred of Them to Be Organized into an Assembly.

One hundred women, it was learned last night, will shortly be initiated as Knights of Labor in this city.

These women are electrical instrument makers and when they become Knights will be part and parcel of the building trades. They will join a local assembly of 600 men working at the same trade, which has been formed and is affiliated with Building Constructors' Union 233, the Knights of Labor. George O. Jones, walking delegate of the Electrical Workers' Union, has been appointed president of the new assembly. As the Electrical Workers' Union is a building trade union, the new assembly of electrical instrument makers will probably join Building Trades section of the Central Union. The initiation of the women will take place some time next week.

DELMONICO'S NEW PLACE OF EPICUREAN DEFIES A GLOOMY NIGHT AND OPENS TO FASHION.



Scenes in the New Delmonico's at the Opening Last Night.

This splendid restaurant was opened last night, although the painters and decorators had not finished work on it. All the old timers were present and every table in the Palm Garden and Indies restaurant was occupied. Some of them had been engaged for months in advance. A noticeable feature was the extreme simplicity of the arrangements, and this was commented upon favorably by all who were present. The presence of the Horse Show in New York was responsible for the haste in opening the place.

DELMONICO'S moved uptown last night, and the Old Guard moved with it.

In a sense—and a very important sense—the occasion proved a vindication of Delmonico's as an institution. Or, rather, it was a surrender and at the same time a protest. The surrender was to the uptown movement. The protest was against glitter and glare.

As for the vindication—well, every table in the ladies' restaurant and the palm room had been already engaged, some of them months in advance, and the severe simplicity of all the appointments in the house were held as a delicate compliment to the good taste of New York's upper crust.

The new Delmonico's has something more than a social significance, however. It demands recognition as a factor, and a very important one, in the impulse that is giving the life of Manhattan Island further and further north year by year. Discreet and unpretentious as the place is, it constitutes a bright spot in a neighborhood hitherto given over to patrician gloom.

Fifth avenue, just above Forty-second street, has been revolutionized, even as Broadway, just above Forty-second street, had already been revolutionized. The revolution was not more remarkable when Sherry's new place, just across the way from Delmonico's, is opened.

A New Night Landmark.

It seemed fitting that there should be no noticeable assemblage of obscure litters to stare hungrily at the arriving patrons and peer through the windows at those who were dining. It was no neighborhood for litters, and the rain was discouraging, in any event. Yet the large, white building, with its twin wreaths of electric torches round the first story and the topmost parapet, made a startling feature in the night aspect of that part of town.

To consider the inside, let it be said that the new Delmonico's was equal to the expectations of those who had looked forward to its opening with loyal approval. It was a place to eat and drink in, not a place to go sight-seeing in.

Strenuous efforts had been made to have the establishment ready for the first horse show night, than which there could be no more auspicious occasion for the opening of a new Delmonico's. Doubtless the obstacles were surmounted with an elation worthy of three generations of bon viveurs. Only those whose business it was to encounter them know what those obstacles were. At all events, there were no shortcomings that did not claim the indulgence of the guests.

It was soon after dusk that the carriages and humbuses began to roll up to the entrance in Forty-fourth street, just east of Fifth avenue. The guests took the change very coolly, after the manner of Delmonico patrons. They did not take much time to look around them. Indeed, there was not much to look at.

CARTER'S NEW ORDEAL.

The Captain Must Now Stand a Military Court of Inquiry Into His Engineering Record.

Washington, Nov. 15.—A military court is certain to be named to investigate the charges against Captain O. M. Carter, of the Engineer Corps. Secretary Alger did not undertake to read in detail the bulky report of the Board of Investigation, but General Wilson, Chief of Engineers, did and the latter advised the Secretary of its contents. This Board submitted its findings without making any specific recommendations. Its duties were confined to reporting upon the facts relative to Captain Carter's engineering work around Savannah, but not to pass upon either his motives or the legal questions involved.

This latter function, by the order of Secretary Alger to-day, devolved upon Judge-Advocate-General, who has been instructed to make a legal review of the testimony taken. This reference of the report is taken as an indication that the findings of the Board of Investigation were such as would not warrant the Secretary in dismissing the charges. Whether the report of the Judge-Advocate-General forms the basis for a continuance or not, Captain Carter himself is now in duty bound to ask for a court of inquiry at least.

The point, however, which at present weighs most strongly with the officials of the War Department is that the department acts, and that speedily. Congress is certain to demand an investigation.

SHOT AT A YOUNG GIRL.

A Moment After Miss Nilsdorf Arose to Make a Light a Bullet Was Fired Into Her Bed.

Creeping out of bed to light the lamp doubtless saved the life of Anna Nilsdorf, of Woodbridge, N. J. Just as she struck the match a bullet fired from the roof of the porch crashed through the window and buried itself in the bed the young woman had vacated. The unknown assailant escaped.

This mysterious shooting occurred at Woodbridge early Monday morning. Miss Nilsdorf, who is twenty-three years old, was sleeping alone in the apartments over her uncle's grocery store, her father, with whom she lived, having gone to Trenton. About 3 o'clock in the morning Miss Nilsdorf heard a noise and the sound of men's voices outside the window. A porch in front of the store extended to the window of the apartment in which the girl slept. There was but little light in the room. The lamp left burning had gone out, so the girl sprang up to light it and investigate. Scarcely had she left the bed when the shot was fired. She screamed for help, and the men on the porch scrambled down and disappeared.

Miss Nilsdorf does not know who shot at her, but she is certain that the shot was fired from the porch.

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Visitors to the Horse Show Pause to Admire the New "De's."

Some Confusion Owing to the Haste in Opening, but Nobody Complains.



THE BRICKING UP OF PETER M'CABE.

House Rapidly Coming Down About the Ears of the Tenant.

Peter McCabe's house is coming down about his ears. Two days ago he would not get out. Now he cannot get out unless he is lifted out with a rope. Peter McCabe's perilous situation is due to the defiance of the powers of local government.

For a considerable time McCabe has conducted a saloon in a four-story brick building at No. 38 South Fifth street, Williamsburg. He has a lease from the owner, William Melody, and this lease will not expire until 1899. This four-story brick building is within the district condemned for the eastern end of the new bridge over the East River from Delancy street, New York, to Williamsburg. To the owner, William Melody, an award of \$10,000 was made for his property.

Due notice to move was given to all the occupants of houses to be torn down. McCabe moved his family to South Fourth street, but he declined to move out his own person or his stock of wines and liquors. In spite of the condemnation proceedings he claimed the right to remain in possession because of his lease from Melody.

On Saturday last by strategy the workmen gained position on the roof of the four-story brick house and began to tear away the bricks. McCabe went into the street to see what was happening. A brick dropped at his feet. McCabe retired to his saloon. All day the bricks fell. By nightfall the bricks were heaped all about his saloon. No customer could enter except by making a perilous trip over a pass.

Yesterday the work of destruction was resumed. The heap of bricks grew taller and broader. McCabe is bricked in like a saloon like the man described in Poe's "Cask of Amontillado."

If that Spanish jest that Admiral Jonett tells about should steam up the East River to shell Williamsburg, McCabe would be safe behind a brick bomb-proof. But, as no Spanish fleet has been sighted from Fire Island, and as a very present and persistent gang of house razors is sighted daily in Williamsburg, McCabe is all bricked up in trouble.

Disgusted Creditor Kills Himself.

Because he could not collect 1,700 marks which his brother-in-law in Germany owed him, Oscar Laube cut both of his wrists and his throat with a razor on Sunday in a hotel at No. 33 Essex street, kept by a Mrs. Samuel Wolf. Laube bought the razor with which he killed himself on Saturday. Young Wolf heard his groans and burst open the door. Laube, partly dressed, lay on the bed with gaping wounds in his throat and wrists. He died shortly after the door was broken down.

Both Eyes Open

with a cash prize. See to it.

DR. EVANS SUDDENLY

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By Raoul L

(Copyright, 1897, by

Paris, Nov. 15.—The

has lost its most famous

Thomas W. Evans, who

his residence here last

recovered from the shock

recent death of his wife. Dr.

in the history of France

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She depended upon his

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Dr. Evans was the new

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